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THE ARKANSAW TRAVELER.

We publish the following, because the time has come when it should be read over. It has made you laugh before, and will do it again:

In the early settlement of Arkansas, a traveler, after riding some eight or ten miles without meeting a human being or seeing a human habitation, came at last, by a sudden turn of the wood-road, to a miserable "shanty," the centre of a small clearing, in what had originally been a "black jacket thicket," whence the only sound that proceeds is the discordant music of a broken winded fiddle, from the troubled bowels of which the occupant is laboriously extorting the monotonous tune known as "The Arkansaw," or "Rackensack Traveler." Our traveler rides up to within a few feet of the door, which was once the bed frame of a cart body, now covered with bear skins, and hung upon two wooden hinges.

After much shouting, the inmate appears, fiddle in hand, and evidently wrathful at being interrupted in the exercise of his art. The following colloquy ensues, the indefatigable fiddler still playing the first strain of "The Arkansaw Traveler," which, in fact, he continues at sudden intervals, until the dialogue, as will be seen, is brought to a sudden conclusion. If this be not "seeking lodgings under difficulties," we should like to know what might be legitimately so considered:

Traveler—"Friend, can I obtain accommodations for the night with you?"

Arkansas Artist—"No, sir, nary 'commodation."

Traveler—"My dear sir, I have traveled over thirty miles to-day, and neither myself nor my horse have had a mouthful to eat; why can't you accommodate me for the night?"

Arkansas Artist—"Jes't case it can't be did. We're plum out of anything to eat in the house; Bill's gone to mill with the last nubbins of corn on these premises, and it'll be nigh onto the shank of to-morrow evenin, afore he comes home unless suthin uncommon happens."

Traveler—"You surely have something that I can feed my horse; even a few potatoes would be better than no food."

Arkansas Artist—"Stranger, our eaten roots gin out about a week ago; so your chance is slim thar."

Traveler—"But, my friend, I must remain with you any way. I can't go any further, whether I obtain anything to eat or not. You certainly will allow me the shelter of your roof."

Arkansas Artist—"It can't be did, old hoss. You see we've got only one dried hide on the premises, and me and the old woman allus occupies that; so whar's your chance?"

Traveler—"Allow me to hitch my horse to that persimmon tree, and with my saddle and blanket I'll make a bed in the fence corner."

Arkansas Artist—"Hitch your horse to that 'simmon tree? In a horn. Why, you must be a nat'ral fool, stranger! Don't you see that's me and the old woman's only chance for 'simmon beer in the Fall of the year? If your horse is so tarnal hungry as you say he is, he'd girdle it as high up as he could reach afore mornin'. Hitch your horse to that tree! I 'spect not; no, no, stranger, you can't come nary such a dodge as that."

Our traveler, seeing that he had an orig-

inal to deal with, and being himself an amateur performer upon the instrument to which the settler was so ardently attached, thought he would change his tactics, and draw his determined not-to-be "host" out a little before informing him of the fact that he, too, would, once being known, he rightly conjectured, be a passport to his better graces.

Traveler—"Well, friend, if I can't stay, how far is it to the next house?"

Arkansas Artist—"Ten miles; and you'll think they're mighty long ones, too, fore you get thar. I came nigh onto forgettin' to tell you, the big creek is up; the bridge is carried off, there's nary yearthly chance to ford it; and if yer bound to cross it, yer'll have to go about seven miles up stream, to old Dave Lody's puncheon bridge, through one of the darndest bamboo swamps you ever see. I reckon the bridge is standin' yet; 'twas yesterday morning; though one end had started down stream about fifteen feet, or sich a matter."

Traveler—"Friend, you seem communicative; and if it's no offence, I'd like to know what you do for a living here?"

Arkansas Artist—"No offence on earth, stranger. We keep a grocery."

Traveler—"A grocery! Where, in the name of all that is mercantile, do your customers come from? Your nearest neighbor is ten miles distant!"

Arkansas Artist—"The fact is, me and the old woman is the best customers yet; but we 'spect these diggins will improve, and in course business will improve too. How's ever, we do suthin now, even. Me and the old woman took the cart t'other day, and went to town; we bor't a bar'l of whiskey, and arter we come home and begin to count the balance on hand, we found thar wa'n't but jist one solitary picayune left, an as the old woman allus carries puss, in course she had it. Well, I sot the bar'l agin one side of the room, and shortly arter the old woman sez: "Sposen you tap your end of the bar'l?" and I did, and she bought a drink and paid me the picayune. Pretty soon I began to get dry, and sez I, "Ole woman, sposen you tap your end of the bar'l;" and she did; and then she sells me a drink; and the way that picayune traveled back-wards and for'ards over the bung of that bar'l is a caution to them as loves 'red eye.' But, stranger, losses is apt to come in every business; and me and the ole woman has lost some in the grocery line; and I'll tell you how 'twas. That boy Bill, our oldest son, he see how the licker was goin', and he didn't have nary red to jine in the retail business; so one nite he crawls under the house, and taps the bar'l atwixt the cracks in the puncheon floor; and I r'ally believe he's got more than me or the ole woman either; the good for nothin vagabond, to come the giraff over his nateral born parents; it's enuf to make a man sour agin all creation; that boy'll be the ruination of us yet. He takes to trickery jist as nateral as a hungry 'possum takes to a henroost. Now, stranger, what on yearth am I to do? He beats me an the ole woman entirely."

Traveler—"It would be difficult to advise in regard to your son, as I have no family of my own. You say it's ten miles to the next house; the big creek is up; the bridge is carried away; no possibility of fording it, and seven miles through a swamp to the only bridge in the vicinity! This is rather a gloomy prospect, yet my curiosity is excited, and as you have been playing

only one part of the 'Arkansaw Traveler' ever since my arrival I would like to know, before I leave, why you don't play the tune through."

Arkansas Artist—"For one of the best reasons on yearth, old hoss—I can't do it. I haint larnt the turn of the tehune, and drat me if I believe I ever shall."

Traveler—"Give me your instrument, and I'll see if I can't play the turn for you."

Arkansas Artist—"Look o' here, my friend, do you play the turn of that tehune?"

Traveler—"I believe I can."

Arkansas Artist—"Life, life, old hoss!—we'll find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Old woman! old woman! (a "hailo!" within the shanty was the first indication the traveler had of another human being on the premises), the stranger plays the turn of the 'Rackensack Traveler.' My friend, hitch your horse to the 'simmon tree, or any where else you please. Bill'll be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Old woman, you call Sal and Nance up from the spring—tell Nance to go into the spring house, and cut off a good large piece of bar stenke, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sal to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have flour doins and chickens for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than was expected a half hour before.) Bill! O Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the "Rackensack Traveler." Go to the corn crib and get a big pumpkin and bring it to the house, so that the stranger can have suthin to sit on and skin a tater long with me and the old woman while the gals is getting supper; and, Bill, take the hoss and give him plenty of corn; no nubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and then, Bill, I reckon he'll play the tune of the "Rackensack Traveler" for us."

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, in Burlington, Vt., the Treasurer's report showed that the receipts the past year amounted to \$12,495 50; expenditures \$9,627 63; leaving a balance of \$2,867 87. The President submitted his annual report, which states that the Society is in a flourishing condition, and submitting, among other suggestions, one that early preparations be made for the triennial anniversary in 1868.

The following officers were elected: President, J. Baxter Upham; Vice President, O. J. Faxon; Secretary, Loring B. Barnes; Treasurer, George W. Palmer; Librarian, George H. Chickering; Directors, George Hews, Charles H. Johnson, O. F. Clarke, S. L. Thorndike, Levi W. Johnson, John A. Nowell, Samuel Jennison, George P. Carter.

The Society for the Encouragement of Dramatic Art in Florence have announced the first prize of 1000 francs offered by government, the second 800 francs by Madame Ristori, as incentives for comedy.

PRAGUE.—The *Gazetta du Teatro* announces the return of the charming prima donna, Rosa Cash-Pollini from Milan, and the fact that she will enter upon a short term in that city, pending her engagement at Constantinople. Her debut will be at the Theatre Naum in *Don Sebastiano*.